

Disturbing Tha Peace F/ Keon Bryce, Scarface

"Pump Me Up"

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(*scratching of*)
(Pump me up)

The walls start shakin as my rhymes begin
Like a chiller or a thriller from beginnin to end
You know a song enough to make the London Bridge
fall
Mistake us for a king at a masquerade ball
My microphone mechanics give me superstar status
When I make my space in the place you're glad it's
Me, the E-x-a-c-t
And Precise so nice bustin rhymes with me

Now Exact's on my back when I speak my words
Takin out ill suckers like the neighborhood nerd
I'm stone cold def all around the way
Vocalist supreme, you can call me M.J.
Niggy-not Michael Jackson but I'm still thrillin
Girlies on my jock, I'm stone cold chillin
Servin sap suckers while I'm livin on the edge
When I polish ya off I don't even need pledge
It's a fact and exact when I start to tack
The whole pack on crack, takin out the wack
Now my beat is pumpin, the girlies are jumpin
I'm (?climbin to the throne?) and it's you I'm thumpin
Instead of you walkin you should be runnin
To buy my record cause it's so damn stunnin
When you hear it pump it up, pick up the pace
Yo M.J. (pump that bass)

(*scratching of*)
(Pump me up)

I'm definitely def, dope, damage the dumbs
Speakin slick (?slang?), supervisin the (?slums?)
Pumpin up the volume, turnin out the party
Cold gettin fly on a bottle of Bacardi
The beat (?ain't no?) discrete, just a thunderous boom
Like a tear gas bomb cold clearin the room
And so it's happened, your head's movin back and
forth

I'm takin a stand like Oliver North
Now Exact's poppin facts and a little bit of fiction
I'm releasin rhymes with my double-def diction
I'm stylin and smilin, rhymin harder than hell
I'm the professor, you're the student, so I'm ringin the bell
I'm not believin I'm receivin all the rhymes that I've heard
To you wack MC's I'm shootin the birds
Instead of passin the j and smokin the dust
Just pump up the volume and rock with us
Like this

(*scratching of*)
(Pump me up)

Mr. Ed's a rock 'n roller on the hip-hop scene
The rhymes that I write, I write em in Queens
Take the Q-111 e train and relax
On my way to the city where I put it on wax
If you're lame and you ain't with the program
Call Freddie Jackson to sing you a slow jam
Put it in drive, the crew has arrived
There's no doubt about it, the party is live

Now my rhymes are so def that they can't even hear
Even with the hearin aid in they ear
The beat is so dope it'll make you high
Like a junkie gettin funky then wonderin why
I bust a rhyme every time I'm given a chance
The beat is pumpin and jumpin, invitin you to dance
The show is on the go and the crowd is hype
You're jammin and slammin and the Boys are white
So bust that

(*scratching of*)
(Pump me up)

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